

THE ROUT OF THE MUSES.

A Political Poem.

When Winter's shroud drapes o'er the Summer's joys,
Enfolding earth in all his pow'r employs
To drive sweet Beauty's hasty blush away,
And substitute dull white and duller gray ;
When robe o'er robe of bleached death downfalls,
As Autumn shrieks her last despairing calls ;
When Life forgets 'twas ever aught but cold,
And frigidly looks numbed and gray and old,
And puiss together for the wintry space,
Summer's extensions of o'erflowing grace,
To find in huddled warmth a little pleasure,
And guard its spark as some ill-gotten treasure ;
When wandering down in careless aimless fashion,
Unwitting pity and unknown to passion,
The frosty buds fall blunting love of life,
Lending no charm by aught but crazy strife,
Begetting chill, cold, cough and many a shiver,
Man freezes o'er like some great northern river—
Although beneath a mighty stream may flow,
Above is naught but cold and ice and snow.
That's one of Winter's sides ; there is another ;
But if you'd paint a family, see the mother ;
Then give her and her opposite fair turns,
To any number, and one easy learns
The family's like. So on we'll heedless pass
And try apply the above to some life's ass.